

THE TRI-WEEKLY COMMONWEALTH.

VOL. 13.

FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY, AUGUST 3, 1863.

N. O. 172.

THE TRI-WEEKLY COMMONWEALTH
will be published every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, by

HODGES, HUGHES & CO.,
AT FOUR DOLLARS PER ANNUM, payable
in advance.

WM. E. HUGHES, State Printer.

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Estate of James Harlan, dec'd.

THE undersigned having been appointed ad-
ministrators of the estate of James Harlan,
deceased, request all persons indebted to the same
to make an early settlement. Persons having
claims against said estate will have them pre-
pared by the administrators.

All persons who may have any Books, law or
miscellaneous, belonging to said estate, are re-
quested to return them to the undersigned at
once.

JAMES HARLAN, Jr.
JOHN M. HARLAN,
Administrators.

March 14, 1863—Yeoman copy.

JAMES HARLAN, Jr.

JOHN M. HARLAN.

HARLAN & HARLAN,
Attorneys at Law

FRANKFORT, KY.

WILL practice law in the Court of Appeals,
in the Federal courts held in Frankfort,
Louisville, and Covington, and in the Circuit
Courts of Franklin, Woodford, Shelby, Henry,
Anderson, Owen, Mercer, and Scott.

Special attention given to the collection of
claims. They will, in all cases where it is desired,
attend to the unsettled law business of James
Harlan, dec'd. Correspondence in reference to
that business is requested.

March 16, 1863—tf.

J. WHITZEL.

V. BERBERICH.

WEITZEL & BERBERICH,

MERCHANT TAILORS,

WOULD respectfully inform the citizens of

Frankfort and vicinity that they have
opened a select store of spring goods for men's

clothing, which they will allow for credit.

They will carry on the tailoring business in all

its branches, and will attend to their work to give

satisfaction, such as to its execution and the
charges made for it. Terms cash.

Their business room is under Metropolitan

Hall, and next door to the Postoffice.

March 16, 1863—tf.

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THE COMMONWEALTH.

MONDAY, AUGUST 3, 1863.

A Wound that was very Slow to Heal.

THREE MONTHS IN A MILITARY HOSPITAL.

"Boys, you will now have an opportunity of proving to the enemy what Yankees can do. I know I can depend upon you. Be steady, and when I give the order to charge, let every man remember he is fighting for our glorious Union, and that the honor of dear old Maine is at stake." So saying, our Colonel rode slowly to the top of the hill to inspect the enemy's position. The "old man," as we all called him, was in his element. The bullets were flying around like hail; an occasional shell would fall unpleasantly near us, and all this caused our Colonel's nostrils to distend, and we noticed that he sat very straight on his horse, and was, contrary to his custom—I may state in parenthesis that he is a cross old bear—decently affable and polite. He is one of the old stock, was in the regular army before the war broke out, and is famous as a strict disciplinarian and a hard fighter. We all cursed the old fellow up and down on ordinary occasions, he is so severe; but in action we deemed him a glorious old cock, and managed generally to follow him through, he did so inspire us by his manly deportment and daring courage.

"There they come. Steady boys; don't fire till the word of command," shouted the Colonel, as he galloped along our lines.

The rebels were close to us, on they came, yelling like madmen. They were within a hundred yards when the order to fire was given to us. We poured a deadly volley into the ranks of the enemy.

"Now, boys, the bayonet, Charge!"

The Colonel as he gave the order, fired his revolver at a rebel officer who had dashed at him. The man fell mortally wounded, and our old commander, pushing past him, rode into the midst of the surging rebel masses. We followed, and back went the enemy before our impetuous charge.

There was no standing against the rush of our athletic men, who, shoulder to shoulder, pressed irresistibly forward. A few moments more and the rebels were in flight. The sinking sun shed its last rays on our victorious colors, and lightened up the faces of the hundreds of dead and dying who were lying close together. Among the latter I deemed myself. As we were charging, a bullet had struck me in the side, and I fell, bathed in blood.

"Shall I stay with you, Captain?" asked one of the men who saw me fall. I endeavored to wane him on, but fainted from pain and loss of blood. When I recovered consciousness I was undergoing great agony from the probing of a rather experienced surgeon, who was determined he would extract the bullet which was still in my side.

He accomplished at last, after making me suffer excruciating pain. He then pronounced me out of danger; but said that my recovery would be slow, and that he would see that I was sent to one of the military hospitals in Washington. The Colonel came to see me, was, to my astonishment, as gentle and kind as a woman, and, thanks to his care and solicitude, I was duly sent to Washington and comfortably stored away among a lot of other young officers, all, like myself, seriously wounded.

For a time I suffered terribly; the weather was very warm, and my wound was intensely painful; but at last I felt less, and with the diminution of the pain came returning health and vigor. We were all tenderly cared for. The ladies of Washington visited us regularly, supplied us with all those little comforts that go far toward rendering the endurance of pain easier, while they also affect the mind. A man who feels himself cared for is never so long in recovering from bodily ills as those left to bear them alone and uncheered by sympathy. As a general thing, the ladies who visited us were of a mature age—matrons, who knew all about sickness; but occasionally younger ones came to see us, some from curiosity, others from a sincere desire to be of service to the wounded. I was writing one day in pain, my fevered brow ached terribly, when I felt a dampened cloth laid upon it gently, and a soft hand pressed my fingers, which were convulsively clutching the sheets. I opened my eyes and saw bending over me a fair, beautiful girl, with large dark eyes, which were filled with tears. I gazed at her in wonder. How beautiful she was! She turned away with a blush from my earnest glance, but presently came again to my side.

"Would you like me to read to you?" said she softly.

"Oh! yes, so much. Pray tell me what our troops are doing?" was my eager inquiry.

"The doctor forbids that," said the young lady; "but I may read to you such things as are not likely to excite you. I will read this beautiful poem." So saying, she drew a chair near my cot and began in a sweet pleasant voice to read Byron's "Childe Harold."

I closed my eyes to listen to the melody of her tones. She read distinctly, clearly. I felt a sensation of pleasure such as I had never experienced. The pain of my wound was forgotten. I drank in the sound of her voice greedily, until at last the words lost their meaning, and I fell into a sound sleep, the first I had enjoyed since I received my wound. The effect was great. Our doctor pronounced me in a fair way to a speedy recovery, and was rather disposed to boast of the efficiency of his treatment.

"Confound your drugs, doctor; 'twas the young lady that did me so much good. She bathed my head and read to me, and was so gentle and kind, I felt relieved at once, and went into a sound, sweet sleep.

"What young lady?" inquired the doctor.

"Why, I mean the beautiful one, of course."

"They are all beautiful. What is her name?"

"Angel—cherub," was my enthusiastic reply.

"Oh, ah!" replied the doctor, with a cynical grin; "they are all angels. Can't you tell her name? It is Smith, Brown, or Jones?"

"Doctor, you are an unromantic old curmudgeon, as nasty as your medicines, and I can just tell you that unless that young lady comes back I shall not get well." I said this with a full determination to keep my word.

"By Jove! that will not do," said the doctor; "we must try to find this Miss or Mrs."

"Doctor, don't aggravate me; she can't be Mrs.; she is too young, too beautiful, too—"

"Come, come, none of that," growled the doctor, seizing my wrist; "the fever is returning. Just you keep quiet, or I will forbid the entrance of any female into the hospital. I will."

I started up. She was coming toward us. "Hallo, what's that?" said the doctor, perceiving my agitation, and turning to look in the direction of my fixed gaze. "Ah, the angel, I suppose." She came near us. In her hand she held a beautiful bouquet.

"Pardon me; this will never do," said the doctor gruffly; "the scent of these flowers will give him a splitting headache." Saying which, the old brute threw them out of the window. I was terribly vexed at the old fellow, and inwardly vowed I would rather die by her flowers than live through his medicine.

"What can I do for him, doctor?" said the sweet creature.

"Nothing, ma'am; let him go to sleep again. You may, if you choose, read to him; but you must not let him talk. He is to much excited already."

She sat down and began at once reading something. I knew not what; in fact, I did not care. She was there—I heard her voice—and that was all I cared for. I suppose I dozed, as considerable time must have elapsed when I awoke. It was now almost dark. The young lady was still at my bedside, and the doctor had returned. He was conversing with her.

Miss Alice blushed to even a deeper hue than on the occasion of that memorable poulte, and the old lady seemed suddenly to awake to a sense of what was transpiring. She came towards me, and said, with great conmiseration:

"What a pity it is he is so ill, doctor; the marriage will have to be deferred so long." As she said these words the old lady assumed a very quizzical look.

"Marriage, madam!" gasped I. "In Heaven's name, what do you mean? What does she mean, Miss Alice?" I should have said but I believe that in my agitation I pronounced something very like "dear Alice." The doctor gazed at us all in the greatest astonishment.

"My dear child," said Alice's mother, "do you suppose I am blind? I saw that my daughter entertained a more than ordinary interest in your welfare, and from your manner I felt assured that you loved her. I made it my duty to ascertain who and what you are, and I deem you a fitting husband for my dear daughter. She loves you, I know."

"Decidedly more pleasant to look at," murmured the doctor.

"I will sit here until I hear from you, doctor. What must be done for this young officer?"

"If he wakes he must take this draught, and have this liniment carefully rubbed on his side. Your mother will attend to this. I will send her at once." So saying, the doctor withdrew.

The moment he was out of hearing, I made a pretence of just awakening, and plaintively asked for water.

"Oh, you must take this at once," said the young lady. "I cannot give you any water now. She hastily poured into a cup the contents of a small vial, which stood on the table, and gave it to me. I drank the dose at a gulp. It was horribly nauseating, and smelt dreadfully. A few moments after I had blushed until her present hue was a deep purple.

The old doctor here took occasion to assert that he was getting tired of all this nonsense. I noticed that he blew his nose very unnecessarily, and that he tried to wipe his eyes without being seen. He broke down, however, and wept like a child, when Alice put her arm around his neck and kissed him, saying he was a "dear old bear."

"Come, come, Miss, I have no time to remain here," said he gruffly. "Lots of arms and legs to cut off. Ha!" and the old fellow, as though the thought was a relief to him, rushed out without further notice.

"You must be quiet now, and get well directly."

God bless that old lady. I loved her then and there as a mother, which title I now have a right to bestow upon her. In fact, I call her grandma now, as there is an Alice No. 2 in the family.

[From the Cincinnati Commercial, July 31.]

A WAR DEMOCRAT ON THE STUMP—SPEECH OF COLONEL R. T. JACOB, UNION CANDIDATE FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR OF KENTUCKY.

R. T. Jacob, Union Candidate for Lieutenant Governor of Kentucky, reached Covington on Wednesday evening, on his way home from the chase after Morgan. Although greatly wearied, he consented to deliver an address at Seventh street market space. The gentleman was introduced to the vast concourse assembled, by Colonel R. B. Carpenter (I lingered over the name) gave it to me.

The old lady glanced once more at the vial she held in her hand, and then turned it to me with quite a puzzled air. Suddenly she walked hastily to the table, and took up the empty vial remaining on it.

"Was this the stuff Alice gave you?"

"Yes, madam."

"Bless me!" stammered the old lady, "you have swallowed the liniment!"

I now understood why I had felt such a repugnance to the dose. But I reflected that were I to make much of the mistake the old lady would, in all probability, forbid her daughter coming to the hospital any more; so, spite of my inward disgust, I assured the mother that I rather liked the liniment than otherwise; that it would doubtless do me much more good than the draught. I felt the premonitory symptoms of a violent reaction of my stomach, but to the last I continued to assure the rather terrified old lady that the liniment would do me no injury whatever. This I did until the stuff was ejected. A profuse perspiration issued, and I fell asleep. It was late in the morning of the next day when I awoke. The doctor came to see me soon after. He spoke of the slight mistake of the previous evening as a matter of course when "young ladies" were the nurses, and retired, saying to Miss Alice, who arrived at that opportune moment—

"He must have a poultice placed on his breast at once. That liniment has almost killed him."

Poor Miss Alice seemed terribly agitated.

Her eyes filled with tears as she implored the doctor to tell her whether there was still any danger, that her fatal mistake would seriously injure me.

"Might have been his death, ma'am; wonder he still alive! All right now, though," added the old brute, as he saw her turn deathly pale. "Come, he must have that poultice on his breast at once!" Here the doctor, saying something about wasting his time over one while so many required his attention, basted away.

Thus passed away several days. Miss Alice coming to nurse me regularly. My recovery was rapid although she almost killed me twice by surreptitiously bringing me in delicacies I had expressed a wish for, contrary to the doctor's direction. Still, the benefit of her charming presence more than counterbalanced all her little blunders, and I was fast reaching convalescence when I received a terrible blow, which occasioned a relapse. Miss Alice informed me that in a few days she was going to New York on a visit, and that she would probably come again to the hospital.

"I am so glad you are now able to get along without any further attention," said the young lady. "I have made you the object of my special care, and I think your recovery speaks volumes in favor of my nursing."

She rattled on in this way for sometime. I made no reply—I could not. My disappointment was so great I could find no words to express it. She seemingly paid no attention to my silence, but at last arose, shook my hand, and left the room. I then let the blood rushing to my head and I fainted, just as the doctor reached my bed-side.

"By Jove! it is too bad," I heard the old fellow mutter as I regained my senses. "Just as he was getting on so famously, what can have caused this agitation, this sudden blow?"

"Doctor, don't aggravate me; she can't be Mrs.; she is too young, too beautiful, too—"

"Come, come, none of that," growled the doctor, seizing my wrist; "the fever is returning. Just you keep quiet, or I will forbid the entrance of any female into the hospital. I will."

These words are to blame whenever there is any mischief," growled the doctor.

"Oh! doctor, I shall never get well now; I shall die, I know I shall."

"And so you will if you agitate yourself in this manner," said the Doctor. "Come, I will see Miss Alice, and tell her that her patient is not out of danger yet."

He lost no time in so doing, and, to my delight, that afternoon Miss Alice came to see me, accompanied by the doctor and her mother.

"How long, doctor, do you think he will sick?" asked the sweet girl.

"Well, ma'am," said the old man—and I wanted to kiss him for it—"I should say for the term of his natural life; and, to judge from his present appearance (I was so happy and felt so well), he will live a hundred years."

She came near us. In her hand she held a beautiful bouquet.

"Pardon me; this will never do," said the doctor gruffly; "the scent of these flowers will give him a splitting headache."

Saying which, the old brute threw them out of the window. I was terribly vexed at the old fellow, and inwardly vowed I would rather die by her flowers than live through his medicine.

"What can I do for him, doctor?" said the sweet creature.

"Nothing, ma'am; let him go to sleep again. You may, if you choose, read to him; but you must not let him talk. He is to much excited already."

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"Nothing, ma'am; let him go to sleep again. You may, if you choose, read to him; but you must not let him talk. He is to much excited already."

She came near us. In her hand she held a beautiful bouquet.

"Pardon me; this will never do," said the doctor gruffly; "the scent of these flowers will give him a splitting headache."

Saying which, the old brute threw them out of the window. I was terribly vexed at the old fellow, and inwardly vowed I would rather die by her flowers than live through his medicine.

"What can I do for him, doctor?" said the sweet creature.

"Nothing, ma'am; let him go to sleep again. You may, if you choose, read to him; but you must

THE COMMONWEALTH.

FRANKFORT.

MONDAY, AUGUST 3, 1863.

Union Democratic State Ticket.

For Governor,

THOMAS E. BRAMLETTE, OF ADAIR.

For Lieutenant Governor,

RICHARD T. JACOB, OF OLDHAM.

For Attorney General,

JOHN M. HARLAN, OF FRANKLIN.

For State Treasurer,

JAMES H. GARRARD, OF CLAY.

For Auditor of Public Accounts,

WM. T. SAMUELS, OF HARDIN.

For Register of Land Office,

JAMES A. DAWSON, OF HART.

For Supt of Public Instruction,

DANIEL STEVENSON, OF FRANKLIN.

For Congress,

BRUTUS J. CLAY, OF BOURBON.

For Representative,

HILLERY M. BEDFORD.

For Sheriff,

HARRY B. INNES.

We have, personally, a high opinion of R. A. Buckner, and J. T. Boyle, for they are, in every respect, clever and accomplished gentlemen. But, as candidates for Congress, we are plain to say that we can vote for neither. Buckner is running in the interest of the Secessionists, while Boyle, is in effect, we fear, giving this district over to the rebels, by dividing the Union vote. Under other circumstances, we would have been proud to cast our vote for Boyle. We should have been proud to honor the man who was among the first to declare for the Union, and to manifest his principles by joining the army. But the circumstances under which he appears, necessarily precludes the idea of our giving him any support in his reckless disregard of the interests of the Union party of this district. He ought to be more magnanimous towards the party who think so highly of him. What excuse can he give for his conduct? Is his ambition for office so great that he must expose the Ashland district to the dishonor of being represented by a Sessions sympathizer?

Does he suppose that his election will justify the great risk which is being run, not only to the party in the district, but the party throughout the State?

We hope Gen. B. will reconsider his action, and withdraw from a contest which must necessarily bring ruin and defeat to the Union party. Mr. Clay was fairly nominated—all the counties but two were represented, and that too by the same men who nominated Mr. Crittenden—and it is to be hoped that he will be voted for by all the friends of the deceased sage and statesman.

Clay is the nominee of the Convention. The party are, in honor, bound to his support. Let no one prove recreant to his duty. Let the party vote for its chosen candidate, and let no reckless feeling control. The act is a most solemn one, and let every voter discharge his duty, his whole duty, and nothing but his duty.

If you wish to keep Kentucky, true to the Union, vote the Union Democratic ticket.

WHO ARE QUALIFIED VOTERS.—By the Constitution of Kentucky every free white male citizen over the age of twenty-one years, who has resided in the State two years, or in the county, town or city in which he offers to vote, one year next preceding the election, shall be a voter. But such voter shall have been, for sixty days next preceding the election, a resident of the precinct in which he offers to vote, and he shall vote in said precinct, and not elsewhere.

They took everything I had, \$750 in money, two fine horses and bridles, two fine Colt's revolvers, one sword worth \$40, and my gold watch. They took my coat and boots off me, and then knocked me down after I had surrendered.

None of my old company were hurt except Jos. Groves, who received a slight wound.

We will go from here to Bowling Green.

[Signed] T. B. WALLER,
Major 20th Ky. Vol. Infantry.

To Major W. WALLER, 15th Ky. Cav., Paducah, Ky.

If you wish to do your duty to your country, vote and work for the Union Democratic ticket.

James B. Clay, who left this State with the rebels last summer, is now at Niagara Falls, on the Canada side, and is said to be in the last stages of consumption.

A letter has been received by a brother of a distinguished rebel officer and engineer captured by Gen. Grant at Vicksburg, wherein that officer says: "The capture of Vicksburg and our army is fatal to our cause. We can never reorganize another army in the West. The war may go on for a time with guerrilla fighting, which I think would be unworthy of the country, and which I will not approve. We have played a big game and lost. As soon as I am exchanged, I shall leave the Confederacy and the cause for Europe."

The New York Ledger suggests that the vacancies in the West Point Military Academy, about fifty in number, be filled with Brigadier-Generals. Many of them certainly need improvement, but we fear that some of them will have to go further back than West Point to do them any good; they will have to be born again.

CAMP NELSON, HICKMAN BRIDGE, KY.,
July 26, 1863.

Editors Commonwealth:

SIRS:—The picnic that was given to the gallant 20th Kentucky, on yesterday, at the Sulphur Well, Jessamine county, Ky., was a magnificent affair. Notwithstanding the short notice that was given, it was attended by a large concourse of people, who evinced perfect satisfaction with the varied exercises of the occasions. A collation of choice edibles was prepared for the soldiers, who seemed to enjoy the occasion with great gusto. They did ample justice to the sumptuous repast which the generous hearts of home patriots had prepared for them, as a full testimonial of their regard for valiant conduct in the late affair at Lebanon, Ky.

Speeches were made by Gen. S. F. Fry, Lt. Col. C. S. Hanson, and Gen. J. B. Huston. I have no time to give you anything like a synopsis of their speeches. Suffice it to say, they were characterized by soundness, eloquence, and fitness for the occasion. Gen. Fry's speech reflected much credit upon him as a brilliant orator, as well as a distinguished General. He is the right man in the right place. He has all the elements of the Kentucky hero. Secession and its sympathizers have nothing to hope for from him. He is well acquainted with all their treasonable traits, and he has the nerve and the resolution to hold them to a strict accountability for their nefarious conduct. His speech will be felt in days yet to come, in this part of the country.

Lt. Col. Hanson made a brilliant, spirited, and eloquent speech of thirty minutes, to the assembled multitude, which was received with enthusiastic applause by the visiting crowd. It was an effort which proved that the Colonel knows how to use his eloquent tongue as well as his unsheathed sword.

The 20th Kentucky enjoyed the ovation with becoming modesty. It was a gala day for them. It will be remembered by them with peculiar pleasure in after life as the happiest epoch in their eventful lives. The occasion was rendered more attractive by the melody of a brass band, which had an enlivening influence upon all present. The beauty and the wealth of the county were fully represented on this occasion.

Gen. Huston spoke with his usual eloquence and force to the enraptured audience.

Great good will result from the meeting in many ways. It will not be forgotten by any who were present.

Yours, J. C. W.

HOP AT CAPITAL HOTEL.—There will be a grand hop at the Capital Hotel to-night. All those wishing to spend a pleasant evening will of course embrace this opportunity.

If you wish to insure peace and quiet in Kentucky, vote for Bramlette and the ballotance of the Union Democratic ticket.

PADUCAH, KY., July 25, 1863.

To the Editors of the Louisville Journal:

GENTLEMEN: Below you will find a copy of a letter from Maj. T. B. Waller, of the 20th Kentucky Volunteer Infantry, to his father Maj. W. Waller, of the 15th Kentucky cavalry, Paducah, Ky. The letter speaks for itself. Comment is unnecessary. Its publication is desired by a large number of Union men in this community.

LEBANON, KY., July 7, 1863.

My Dear Father: It is with the deepest regret that I have to announce myself a prisoner of war, but such is my fate.

The fight commenced at 7 o'clock in the morning, with 250 men on our side, and 5,000, commanded by John Morgan, on the opposite side. We fought them until 1 o'clock in the afternoon, repulsed them several times, and killed sixty—Col. Morgan a brother of the General, being one of them.

Wounded eighty or ninety, including one Colonel and one Major. Our casualties are five killed and fourteen wounded. I received a slight wound, but am nearly well. Now let me inform you that I will never be a prisoner again. I may surrender my life to God, but to rebels never. I had rather die than do so again.

They made every one of us give up our money. They took our hats off our heads, our shoes off our feet, and ran us to Springfield, nine miles, in one hour. Those that gave out on the way they knocked in the head with their guns, and kicked them out of the road. This I saw with my own eyes. God forbid that I ever should surrender to such a set of thieves again.

They took everything I had, \$750 in money, two fine horses and bridles, two fine Colt's revolvers, one sword worth \$40, and my gold watch.

They took my coat and boots off me, and then knocked me down after I had surrendered.

None of my old company were hurt except Jos. Groves, who received a slight wound.

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We hope that nobody will hit Basil Duke on the head and knock John Morgan's brains out.—Prentiss.

LATEST NEWS.

CINCINNATI, July 31.

A special from Lexington to the Commonwealth says that this morning our forces came upon the rebels at Lancaster, when a considerable fight ensued, in which the enemy lost 20 killed and wounded, and nearly 100 prisoners. A rebel force of 500 took Stanford about noon to-day, but were driven out by our cavalry with considerable loss. At last advised the rebels were hastily retreating toward the Cumberland river.

[Special to the Cincinnati Gazette.]

LEXINGTON, July 31.

The rebels, finding themselves in danger of being surrounded, and sorely pressed by Saunders, suddenly turned westward and passed between Big Hill and Richmond on the Paint Lick road to Lancaster thence to Stanford, closely pursued by Saunders—skirmishing going on all the way.

Saunders captured over one hundred prisoners, including one Lieutenant Colonel. Quantities of stores, guns and wagons have arrived at Stanford.

After a one hundred miles ride, day and night, Saunders' men and horses were completely used up, and the rebels still more so.

The rebels passed Hall's Gap this evening too early to be intercepted by the troops from Lebanon. They will attempt the crossing of the Cumberland to-night or early in the morning.

Every available mounted man of ours will be pushed forward to prevent their escaping, or at least to recapture some of their plunder. Saunders will drive the last one of them out of the State, without doubt, and the invasion in its political and military aspects will have failed.

VOTE! VOTE! VOTE!! And be sure you vote for the Union Democratic State ticket throughout.

THE LAMENTED CRITTENDEN'S ADVICE TO KENTUCKIANS IN THIS JUNCTURE.—The Louisville Journal, of August 1st, says we take the following extracts from the speech delivered by Mr. Crittenden at Lexington a few weeks ago, his last published speech:

But my resolutions proved ineffective. My apprehensions that the shock of war might change the national feelings of Congress, were verified. Still, I was for the war. Notwithstanding the Conscription Act, notwithstanding the Emancipation Proclamation and the emancipation laws, notwithstanding the policy of raising negro armies, and the talk about negro equality with white men as soldiers—and I voted against them all—notwithstanding their adoption, I have still advocated the prosecution of the war. While the rebellion was before me, while the great enemy of my country was before, I was still for the war, without an armistice, regardless of foreign intervention—fighting all the world, if necessary—till the rebellion is put down. I was dissatisfied with the policy of the Administration. I thought it my duty to tell Congress and the Government that we thought these measures were impolitic and unconstitutional. But, still, it was our duty to fight the rebellion; it was the greatest danger, and it was right in our faces.

At the same time, I am opposed to the policy of the Administration, as to the abolition of slavery, and the enlisting of slaves as soldiers, and while in the State Legislature, I voted for the various resolutions which were passed, condemning those measures.

But I do not regard Revolution, or Secession, or a submission to the Rebellion, as the remedies for that evil policy, they being evils incomparably greater. The remedies are in the Union, and under the Constitution and laws, through the Legislatures and Judicial Tribunals. Should the Union be restored, the rebels, while depredating upon the commerce of the loyal citizens, on the Ocean, and upon the property of the citizens of Kentucky, Missouri, and other loyal states, in their predatory raids, cannot rightfully complain that their property in slaves is not respected more than other property, by the armies of the Union. I am not and have never been in favor of emancipation, either gradual, immediate, or compensated.

I was a member of the Union Convention which assembled in Louisville, in March last, and voted for the platform of principles they adopted, and intend so far as they apply, to be guided by them should I be honored with a seat in Congress.

I should hail with joy any disposition

manifested by the people of the rebellious States, or any of them, to return, in good faith, to their lawful allegiance, and in that event would support all measures to facilitate the resumption of all their rights and privileges under the Constitution.

In the short period before the election, it will be impossible for me to visit the various Counties in the District, or to see but few of the voters; but it time allowed it would afford me pleasure to defend and sustain my position before you in public discussion. As this cannot take place, I thought it better that you should fully and fairly understand my principles, than the argument and reasons by which they are sustained.

BRUTUS J. CLAY.

July 29, 1863.

The Secession Ticket.

FRANKFORT, KY., July 21.

To the Editors of the Louisville Journal:

I would like to give you a few items in regard to some of the candidates of the Wickliffe no-more-men-and-no-more-money (alias secession) party. I will only mention three of them, as the others men whose history for the past few years are generally known. First in order upon the ticket is Grant Green, Esq., candidate for Auditor. Mr. Green, known here to be a Southern Rights man, and has been so from the commencement of these troubles. His whole influence has been thrown in favor of the rebellion. He employs, with but one exception, a full corps of secession clerks in his office; and, when allowed to do so, talked and worked for secession. In fact, he is nothing but a Magoffin, from first to last. If Beriah Magoffin is a Union man, then Grant Green is. Yet he claims to be, par excellence, a Democrat! What would Andrew Jackson say if he was to hear such men styled Democrats? As for us, we say "Good Lord deliver us from such Democrats!"

Next in order is Thomas J. Frazier, Esq., candidate for Register of the Land Office. Mr. Frazier has professed to be a Union man, and has generally voted the Union ticket. So far, so good. But he was a member of the Union convention which met on the 18th of March, submitted his claims to the Convention, was defeated by a small majority, expressed himself as perfectly satisfied with the nomination, said that he was defeated fairly, and declared his intention to support the ticket there nominated. Suddenly, however, he is taken with a holy horror of the "radicals"; he sees through an entirely different pair of spectacles; this war has suddenly become a wicked attempt to subjugate our Southern brethren; and now he is opposed to furnishing "another man or another dollar," whereas formerly he was for giving the last drop of blood and the last dollar to crush this unholy rebellion. How do you account for this sudden conversion? 'Tis this: the syren song of ambition has lured him away from the paths of duty and of rectitude, and, for the loves and fishes of office, he violates his solemn pledges, there given and since reiterated, and comes out as the "Democratic" candidate for Register. He has stultified himself, and

Martial Law in Kentucky.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE OHIO,
CINCINNATI, OHIO, July 31, 1863.

GENERAL ORDER.

No. 120.

Whereas, the State of Kentucky is invaded by a rebel force, with the avowed intention of overawing the Judges of Elections, of intimidating the loyal voters, keeping from the polls, and forcing the election of disloyal candidates at the election on the 3d of August; and whereas, the military power of the Government is the only force that can defeat this attempt, the State of Kentucky is hereby declared under martial law, and all military Officers are commanded to aid the constituted authorities of the State in the support of the laws, and of the purity of suffrage, as defined in the late Proclamation of His Excellency, Governor Robinson. As it is not the intention of the Commanding General to interfere with the proper expression of public opinion, all discretion in the conduct of the election will be, as usual, in the hands of the legally appointed Judges at the polls, who will be held strictly responsible to the law, if they do not perform their duty.

LEXINGTON, July 31.

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Every available mounted man of ours will be pushed forward to prevent their escaping

**STATEMENT
OF THE CONDITION OF THE
ATNA INSURANCE COMPANY.**

On the 1st day of July, A. D. 1863, made to the Auditor of the State of Kentucky, in compliance with an act entitled, "An act to regulate Agencies of Foreign Insurance Companies," approved 3d March, 1856.

The name of the corporation is ATNA INSURANCE COMPANY, and is located at Hartford, Connecticut.

The capital is FIFTEEN HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS, and is paid up.

ASSETS.

	Par Value.	Market Val.
Real Estates unincumbered,	\$87,938 18	88,990 92
Cash on hand and in Bank,	111,938 05	
in transit,		
Hartford, P. & F. Railroad,		
Mortgage Bonds, 7 per cent., semi-annual interest,	\$44,000	39,600 00
Cleveland, P. A. Railroad,		
Mortgage Bonds, 7 per cent., semi-annual interest,	3,500	4,050 00
N. Y. Central Railroad,		
(Convert) Mortgage Bonds, 7 per cent., semi-annual interest,	10,000	12,200 00
Cleveland & T. Railroad, (S. F.) Mortgage Bonds, 7 per cent., semi-annual interest,	25,000	27,750 00
Michigan, S. & N. I. R. R., (G. M.) Mortgage Bonds, 7 per cent., semi-annual interest,	25,000	27,250 00
Michigan, S. & N. I. R. R., (2d Mort.) Mortgage Bonds, 7 per cent., semi-annual interest,	25,000	22,500 00
P. F. W. & C. Railroad, (2d Mort.) Mortgage Bonds, 7 per cent., semi-annual interest,	25,000	23,500 00
Atlantic Dock Co., Mortgage Bonds, 7 per cent., semi-annual interest,	20,000	22,000 00
Hartford & N. H. R. R. Co., Mortgage Bonds, 6 p'r cent., semi-annual interest,	38,000	41,800 00
N. Y. Central Railroad Co., Mortgage Bonds, 6 p'r cent., semi-annual interest,	30,000	32,400 00
N. J. R. R., & Trans. Co., Mortgage Bonds, 6 p'r cent., semi-annual interest,	19,000	19,000 00
Conn. River Railroad Co., Mortgage Bonds, 6 p'r cent., semi-annual interest,	10,000	19,600 00
Little Miami Railroad Co., Mortgage Bonds, 6 p'r cent., semi-annual interest,	3,000	3,360 00
Michigan Central R. R. Co., Mortgage Bonds, 8 p'r cent., semi-annual interest,	10,000	12,100 00
Rochester City Bonds, 7 p'r cent., semi-annual int.,	25,000	28,000 00
Brooklyn City Bonds, (Waterbury) 6 per cent., semi-annual interest,	25,000	29,250 00
New York City Bonds, 5 p'r cent., quarterly,	75,000	86,250 00
Hartford City Bonds, 6 per cent., semi-annual int.,	38,000	42,940 00
Hartford City Script, 6 p'r cent., semi-annual interest,	26,000	26,000 00
Town of Hartford Bonds, 1882, 6 per cent., semi-annual interest,	60,000	67,200 00
Jersey City Water Bonds, 6 per cent., semi-annual interest,	25,000	28,500 00
United States Coupon Bonds, 1874, 5 per cent., semi-annual interest,	205,000	200,900 00
United States Coupon Bonds, 1881, 6 per cent., semi-annual interest,	125,000	135,000 00
United States [5-20%] Coupon Bonds, 1882, 6 per cent., semi-annual interest,	100,000	100,000 00
U. S. Treasury Notes, [August] 73-10 p'r cent., semi-annual interest,	57,300	69,105 00
Ky. State Stock, 6 per cent., semi-annual interest,	10,000	10,500 00
N. Y. State Stock, 6 per cent., semi-annual interest,	31,000	35,650 00
N. J. State Stock, 6 per cent., semi-annual interest,	15,000	15,450 00
Connecticut State Stock, 6 per cent., semi-annual interest,	20,000	22,800 00
Ohio State Stock, 6 p'r cent., semi-annual interest,	100,000	112,000 00
Michigan State Stock, 6 p'r cent., semi-annual interest,	25,000	26,000 00
Indiana State Stock, 2 1/2 p'r cent., semi-annual interest,	75,000	45,000 00
Temporary loan to the State of Connecticut, with accrued interest,	101,530 70	
Atlantic Mutual Insurance Co., Script, 1862, 1863,	18,690	15,885 00
500 Shares Hartford & W. Haven R. R. Co. Stock,	50,000	99,600 00
250 Shares Conn. River R. R. Co. Stock,	25,000	26,500 00
107 Shares Boston and Worcester R. R. Co. Stock,	10,700	15,915 00
50 Shares Conn. River Co. Stock,	5,000	12,250 00
50 Shares Citizens B'k S'k, Waterbury, Conn.,	5,000	5,250 00
50 Shares Stamford B'k S'k, Stamford Springs, Conn.,	5,000	5,150 00
33 Shares Eagle B'k S'k, Providence, R. I.,	1,800	1,800 00
200 Shares Rev'ree B'k S'k, Boston, Mass.,	20,000	21,000 00
100 Shares Safety Fund B'k Stock, Boston, Mass.,	10,000	19,300 00
200 Shares Bank of the St. Mo. S'k, St. Louis, Mo.,	20,000	16,000 00
100 Shares Merchants Bank Stock, St. Louis, Mo.,	10,000	16,000 00
20 Shares Macaulay's Bank Stock, St. Louis, Mo.,	20,000	22,800 00
400 Shares Farmers and Mechanics B'k S'k, Phil. Pa.,	140,000	14,000 00
100 Shares Hartf'd Co. S'k, Hartford, Conn.,	5,000	5,000 00
200 Shares City Bank Stock, Hartford, Conn.,	20,000	21,000 00
100 Shares Charter Oak B'k Stock, Hartford, Conn.,	10,000	9,900 00
275 Shares First Nat'l Bank Stock, Hartford, Conn.,	13,750	13,750 00
440 Shares Farmers & Mechanics B'k S'k, Hartford, Conn.,	44,000	51,040 00
500 Shares Hartf'd B'k S'k, Hartford, Conn.,	50,000	71,500 00
100 Shares Marsh'l & Manufac'turers B'k S'k, H'ld. C.,	10,000	10,500 00
300 Shares Phenix B'k S'k, Hartford, Conn.,	30,000	32,100 00
250 Shares State B'k Stock, Hartford, Conn.,	25,000	30,500 00
150 Shares Conn. Riv. B'k Stock, Co. S'k, Hartford, Conn.,	7,500	11,250 00
400 Shares Am. Ex. B'k S'k, N. Y. City,	10,000	12,000 00
300 Shares First Nat'l S'k, N. Y. City,	30,000	29,000 00
800 Shares Broadwa' Bank S'k, N. Y. City,	20,000	32,000 00
800 Shares Butchers & Drugg'rs B'k S'k, N. Y. City,	20,000	25,000 00
100 Shares City B'k Stock, N. Y. City,	10,000	14,000 00
100 Shares Bank of Com' th Stock, N. Y. City,	10,000	10,000 00
200 Shares B'k of Commerce Stock, N. Y. City,	20,000	20,400 00
100 Shares Hanover B'k S'k, N. Y. City,	10,000	10,000 00
300 Shares Importers and Traders B'k S'k, N. Y. City,	30,000	31,800 00
100 Shares Mercantile Bank Stock, N. Y. City,	10,000	13,000 00
200 Shares Mechanics B'k Stock, N. Y. City,	20,000	20,000 00
1200 Shares Mechanic's B'k Stock, N. Y. City,	30,000	33,400 00
200 Shares Merchants Ex. B'k S'k, N. Y. City,	10,000	10,000 00
400 Shares Metropolitan B'k Stock, N. Y. City,	40,000	40,000 00
820 Shares Merchants Bank Stock, N. Y. City,	41,000	44,280 00
400 Shares Manhattan Co. B'k S'k, N. Y. City,	20,000	28,000 00

COURT OF APPEALS,

SUMMER TERM, 1863.

THE FOLLOWING CAUSES DOCKETED FROM THE 33D TO THE 78TH DAY HAVE BEEN SUBMITTED TO THE COURT, NOW UNDER ADVISEMENT, AND MAY BE DECIDED ANY DAY DURING THE TERM:

Thirty-sixth Day...July 13th.

Williams vs. Farris et al. by guardian..... Calleway, Clarke vs. Brashears et al. Todd.

Thirty-Seventh Day...July 14th.

Young vs. Irvine et al. Hardin, Magoffin vs. Holt. Fayette.

Thirty-eighth Day...July 15th.

Lee vs. Forsythe et al. Butler, Spalding vs. Stuems et al. Washington.

Fortieth Day...July 17th.

Vance et ux. vs. Vance et al. Fayette, Short & Co. vs. Traub & Co. Lou. Chancery.

Forty-first Day...July 18th.

Agricultural Bank of Lexington vs. Harper. Franklin.

Canby, by guardian vs. Platt et al. Boone.

Forty-second Day...July 20th.

T. A. GRIFFIN, J. A. C.

June 26, 1863-Im.

Matson vs. Matson. Boone.

June 26, 1863-Im.